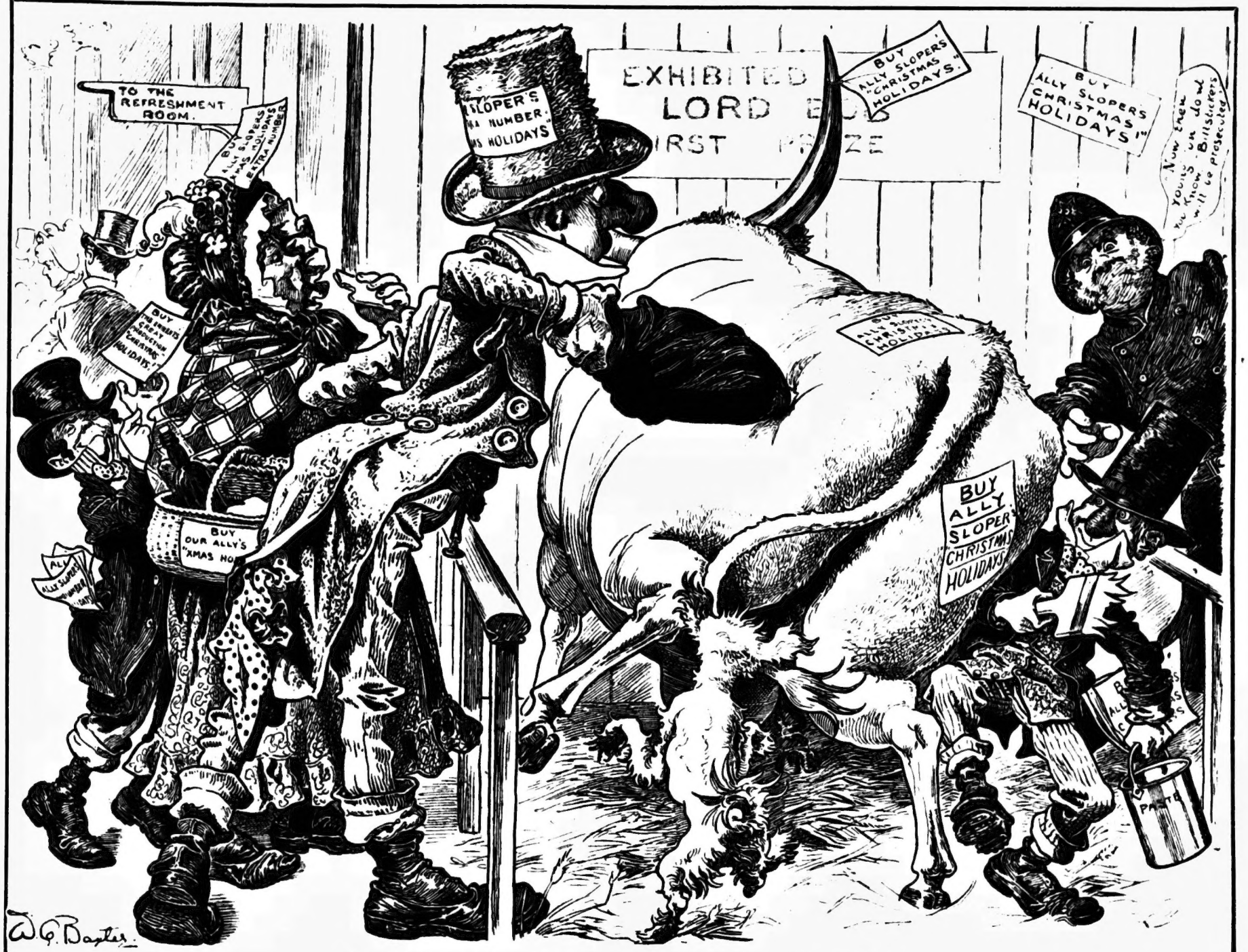
Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II—No. 85.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885. [ONE PENNY.



ALLY AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

Poor Pa and "Snatcher" entrusted with the care of Lord Bob's cow, do their best to impart animation to the scene, whilst in the mind's eye of the Eminent arises a picture of the time when he shall have got his cow and three acres, and be conducting agricultural frolics on new and improved principles.

HOW SOME PLACES GOT THEIR NAMES.—No. X.

1. BALCOMBE (Sussex).—'Twas here that the notorious Captain Kidd was overtaken by the revenue officers with a cask of contraband whisky, he had successfully landed at Brighthelmstone. The captain, true to his name, on seeing he was pursued, devised a plan to *baulk 'em*. He immediately disguised himself as a stump orator, mounted the cask, and held forth to the populace. The *ruse* took—he escaped, but only to be ducked in the nearest horse-pond by the people for his strong language.

2. COOKSTOWN (Tyrone).—The idea of a School of Cookery did not originate at South Kensington, for it is well known that Cookstown received its title from the fact that the first school of cookery was started here. The success of the enterprise was so great, that within one week of its opening, every lady in this thriving Irish town could cook an egg to perfection—with an egg-boiler.

3. FULHAM (Middlesex).—*Fool-home* it originally was called, on account of many of the natives having a paucity of brains; but *now* how different! N.B.—*Our artist lives here.*

BODY SNATCHERS.

HOLMES, a gravedigger of St. George's, Bloomsbury, Williams, his assistant, and a woman named Esther Donaldson, were indicted in December, 1777, for breaking open a grave and endeavouring to steal therefrom the corpse of Mrs. Jane Sainsbury in the previous October. The female prisoner was acquitted, but Holmes and Williams were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to be whipped twice on their bare backs from the end of Kingsgate Street, Holborn, to Dyot Street, St. Giles's, a distance of half a mile. The sentence was carried out amidst crowds of well-satisfied and approving spectators.

In March in the year before more than twenty dead bodies were found in a shed in the Tottenham Court Road, supposed to have been deposited there by traders to the surgeons.

Doctor Hunter had a surgical theatre behind his house in Windmill Street, Haymarket, and demonstrated on stolen subjects. Such large numbers of bodies were brought here that several times the mob arose, and were upon the point of tearing down the house. It, however, is still standing, and has for close on forty years been known as the *Café de l'Etoile*. When I first visited it there still remained traces of the surgical theatre down at the end of the billiard-room.

The process of breaking into a grave, briefly described, was this. A measurement was first made of five paces from the head of the grave. A long iron rod was then driven in an oblique direction through the ground towards one end of the coffin.

An oblique channel about ten feet long and three feet square was formed, and the Resurrectionists, with a chisel with padded handle and a padded mallet, noiselessly loosened the board that closed the coffin and the woodwork of the head of the shell. A strong cord was then fastened under the armpits of the corpse, and it was gently drawn forth. If not disturbed the Resurrectionists put back as much of the mould as possible, and having left the grave to all appearances as it was, scattered the surplus earth in other parts of the churchyard.

The two men Bishop and Williams (another Williams) whose murder of a poor little Italian boy was described last week, also confessed with details to the burking of a woman. They found her sitting on a door-step in Shoreditch, and she said her landlord had turned her out of doors, and that she was homeless.

They gave her some food and drink and a night's lodging, and the next night took her to an empty house next door to their own, and of which they had the key, and drugging her with rum and laudanum—half a pint—tied a cord round her feet, and thrust her headlong into a well in the garden. "She struggled very little afterwards, and the water bubbled very little at the top." They left the unfortunate woman hanging thus in the well for half an hour, *so that the rum and laudanum might run out of the body at the mouth.*

They cut off and hid the clothes, and doubled up the body and packed it in a box. About five in the morning they got a porter to the house, waited a little while until the police had been changed, and then the porter carried the box upon his head to St. Thomas's Hospital, Bishop's wife walking by his side carrying a hatbox to distract attention. The subject was sold for eight guineas.

After the execution of these two wretches a startling statement was made in the *Times* by Sir J. Sewell, the magistrate. "I learned on information which I have no reason to distrust, that besides the confessions published, another was made (on the night before the men were hanged) which comprehended a catalogue of about sixty murders. This system of murder, which Bishop said he resorted to as both less expensive and less hazardous than collecting from cemeteries, is become extremely common, and is in a state of progression."

I have here before me an engraved portrait of the little Italian boy, Carlo Terrari, published by Messrs. Day, the lithographers, in which, instead of white mice, he carries a monkey.

* * * * * * *

"There ain't a well in our back garden," said Alexandry.

"Nor in ours," said Blood-Stained Bill; "and if there was one we should have a job with Uncle Benjamin. He weighs a ton. He might stick fast, too, and his legs cock out at the top and bring the crime home to us."

"How awful it would look too," said Alexandry; "two legs stiff in death, and shepherd's plaid trousers in the sickly moonlight."

(Something stranger than ever next week.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

***** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.**

LAURENCE STERNE (No Address).—*Our views and yours about the "Penny Purists" are evidently the same.*—J. HEARN (Christ's Hospital)—*Rather a dangerous subject to touch upon.*—PONS ASINORUM (Reading).—*All right, old man, wire in.*—V. T.—*There is a touch of* "LONDON MIXTURE" *about* "Snatcher," *as you say.*—F. H. (Seaton Delavel).—*Sorry we're no space.*—KATHLEEN WHITWELL (Edmonton).—ALLY'S *love, and he says you had better ask some one else.*—R. A. GREGORY (Bristol).—*The Eminent has no money to spare just now.*—"SPEX."—*All back Nos. are in print and can be had,* 1d. *each. The carriage per parcels post is a very small affair, as you know.*—W. (Rawcliffe).—*We are anxious to know what is proposed to be done with the* "SLOPER Umbrella Fund."—WINNIE (Charlton).—ALLY *promises not to commit bigamy. The temptations put in his way are innumerable; but he withstands all offers.*—G. BARCLAY BRUCE (Gravesend).—*The Tomato has been placed among the* "Sloperian Relics."—ANON.—*All right, old man, glad you think so much of Mr. McNab.*—R. HARRY (Eastbourne).—SLOPER *is sorry he was not at your torchlight procession on November 9th, but he was dining with the Lord Mayor of London.*—JACK SEYMOUR, FRANK STAUNTON, and FRANK MURRAY (R. M. Club, Dartmouth).—ALLY *does not doubt your generous intentions for one moment; he only wishes to point out that the cheque which you make such frequent allusion to was not in the envelope.*—"TILLICUM" (Jersey).—ALLY *does not believe in humbugs—he'd better not say any more.*—A. B.—*No, thanks.*—BUGGINS (Torquay).—*You are quite right; the Carnival in Torquay, on the* 15*th of November, was a thing to see.*—S. D.—ALLY *is like you; he says, what does it mean?*—ANON (29 Devonshire Place).—*Before doing anything, we should like to know who "dear Arthur" is.*—AN ORPHAN AND HIS BROTHER (Preston-on-Tees).—*No room, dear boys.*—T. T. ROBINSON (Luton).—*The Eminent thanks you for the programme of the Carnival held in Luton on the* 5*th of November.*—CROMWELL.—*"Take away your merry bauble," and shut up*—M.—*We've no room, old man.*—OLD BIBBER (Cheapside).—*Glad to hear you get your wines from Thos. Foster & Co.; they are old chums of the Eminent.*—E. J. COLE (Brixton).—ALLY'S *love, and he always was a good 'un at the spot stroke.*—W. PLUMMER (Exeter).—*The Eminent is much obliged for the cutting from the Gazette.*—SKITTLES (Leicester).—*The card you send has nothing to do with the "thievin' villin."*—INQUIRER.—*"Jonathan's Home" is by Alan Dale, and is published by J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol.*—WALTER RIX (Bristol).—*The Eminent was out in the Soudan.*—NEWTON JACK (Newton Abbott).—*What is a Liberal Conservative?* ALLY *doesn't know.*—ANON.—*Your sketch of "The Funeral of* ALLY SLOPER" *is most touching, and would bring a tear to the eye of the most stony hearted.*—GILES JOLTER.—ALLY *begs to thank you for the two curious coins you found while tilling the soil the other day. In return, you are put down for a cow and three acres of land.*

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free.

3 months, 1s. 8d.; 6 months, 3s. 3d.; 12 months, 6s. 6d.

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"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*** *The List will close this day,* SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12TH.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

SOME clever statistician has published a calculation that there are "a million and a half old maids in the British Isles alone." Being old maids, they would naturally be, in a certain sense, alone; so there is nothing very striking in that. Marriages are made in heaven, according to the proverb; but if there is anything in figures, it would seem that, for a large proportion of the population, they are a long while coming down to this terrestrial sphere.

***

AN ingenious person has suggested a plan for economizing parsons. A goodly number of churches are to be put into telephonic communication with the study of a first-rate preacher, by means of tubes leading from a large trumpet in each church to the orator's house. "On Sunday the congregations will assemble as usual, but instead of gazing into the clergyman's face, they will look at a huge trumpet-shaped projection in the middle of the chancel." Only one difficulty suggests itself, but that one is all but insuperable. Where is the first-rate preacher to be found?

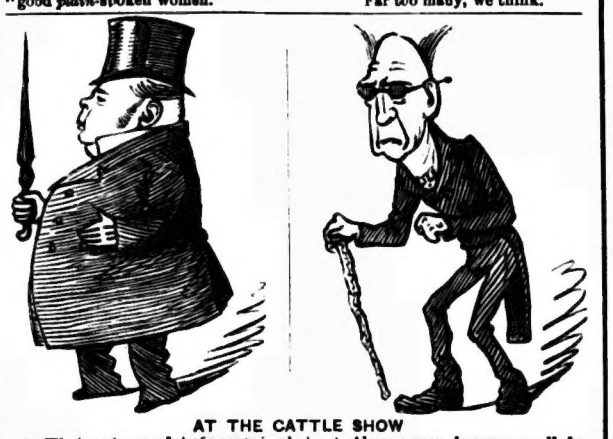
FASHION FANCIES.
By Miss Sloper.

No. 85.—"The Early Winter Costume."

"Let us have women in Parliament," said Miss McFusty. "Quite so," said Aunt Spavins; "good *plain*-spoken women."

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Ancient Josser. I have represented you for many, ay, many years. *Voice from the Crowd.* Far too many, we think.



AT THE CATTLE SHOW

1 What, go to see a lot of poor animals stuffed to repletion? No, certainly not. | 2 Always goes, because—well, because he don't!—Now you know.

"I never kissed the Eminent!"

A living example of the saying, "Laugh and grow fat." He has taken nothing but "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" regularly since it came out.

A CERTAIN Princess is now trying to obtain, in Paris, a separation from her lord and master on a most extraordinary pretext. It appears that the Prince, on arriving, after two years service in Mexico, telegraphed to the partner of his bosom no fond words of delight at coming back to her again, but simply the laconic and unromantic ones, "*Where are my shirts? I cannot find them!*" Hence the application for a separation. Should the Princess succeed in obtaining one, her husband will, for the future, not only have to look after his *shirts*, but also to *shift* for himself in other matters, as well!

***

A CORRESPONDENT, who ought to know better, writes to ask whether, when Cowper wrote the lines—

"The tear which is wiped with address
May be followed perchance by a smile,"

—the poet was alluding to a silk dress. Because, says the correspondent, he has found a present of that kind dry up his wife's tears quicker than anything else he knows of. This person deserves to be handed over to the tender mercies of the Woman's Rights Association.

***

OF COURSE THEY DO.—The latest female eccentricity for Paris wear is a boot which differs from all other boots in this respect, that it is laced up at the back, from the heel. No amount of ridicule will of course have any effect upon the fair wearers of these novel lace-ups; in such matters, all that is possible for the ignorant male is *laisser faire*. As to the boots, doubtless they are becoming enough to suit the fair wearers, as we should say, "down to the ground."

***

Oh, hear me, sweet lady,
Oh, hear me, I pray;
Nay, turn not that fair face
In anger away;—
If the love that I offer
Suffice not to win,
Consider, oh, scoffer,
Consider my tin!

My heart is as true
As cheap steel—and as tough,
It never can love you,
I feel, half enough.

But, still, hearts are trash
As I've often been told
That the only thing lasting
Is gold—gold—gold!

Oh, listen, my darling,
I'd weep if I could,
But you're not sentimental,
And tears are no good;—
Only give me your hand,
And I'll give my gold,
And if you'll sell yourself, I
Don't mind if I'm sold!

***

THE REASON WHY.—A contemporary, criticizing the artificial life led by devotees of fashion during the London Season, inquires, "Why do people leave comfortable roomy houses and large estates in the country?" The answer is, that neither a roomy house nor a large estate is the sort of thing to carry in the waistcoat pocket; and so, when people come to town, they are obliged to leave these things in the country. That is why.

***

VIRTUE (PROBABLY) REWARDED.—Some one has sent to the papers an account of what he calls "a rather curious example of the honesty of the postal authorities." A friend of his had occasion to send a parcel to a country town, and, having no seal, impressed the wax with a half-sovereign, "which he accidently left sticking on the wax." The parcel was despatched in this condition, and when it arrived at its destination the coin was found in the same position, a charge being made for sending money by post. The whole thing may be summed up in a word. The coin stuck to the wax, but the postman did not stick to the coin. The writer does not tell us, but of course the poor letter-carrier received 9s. 11d. as a reward for his honesty!

***

SLANDERING THE NATIONAL BARD.—In a remarkable address on Shakespeare, just delivered by a distinguished savant and *littérateur*, it was maintained that evidence had recently been discovered to show that Shakespeare, who has so often denounced strong drink, himself fell a victim to it, and died prematurely of a fever brought on by drinking. This is a novel accusation. It is rather hard that a great genius cannot "hold the mirror up to nature" without being accused of taking a glass too much.

***

THE HEATHEN CHINEE AGAIN.—The Yankee who invented wooden nutmegs and leaden razors must hide his diminished head. There have, it appears, recently arrived in Paris some curious specimens of artificial pearls, the joint work of the Chinaman and the oyster. They are produced in this way:—Into the shell of the oyster the Chinaman introduces little pieces of wood or earth, which keep the unhappy mollusc in a constant state of irritation, and cause a pearly secretion, which ultimately covers the fragments. Often a piece of metal, shaped to resemble the figure of Buddha, is introduced into the shell, and this, by a similar process, is converted into a pearl presenting all the conditions of a presentable relic. One can imagine an almond-eyed celestial saying, "Oyster no sabbee—me gib him nicey piecy wooddee—oyster great foolee—all same makum lilly pearlee." Truly, the Heathen Chinee is fast getting civilized.

***

THE PROPER TIME TO MARRY.—In a comparison between the condition of the floating population of canal-boats and the workers in factories, a contemporary says:—"It would be interesting to know the time when female operatives usually marry." The information is easily supplied. Factory operatives, like most other girls, marry just when they can meet with husbands.

***

In the lone road, 'neath the hedgerow,
Sneaked a footpad in the shade,
On the look-out for a victim,
Yet he shivered, sore afraid
Of the shadows that the moon threw
From bending bush and tree,
Whilst wind-moans and screeching wood seem'd
Ghostly shrieks and demons' glee.

To the grim wood, through the brambles,
Rushed this footpad, pale as death,
Blurting out fierce oaths and curses
As he fell and gasped for breath.
Fate had fool'd him as to plunder,
And, what was more unkind,
Interposed an "awful thrashing,"
And tremendous "kicks behind!"

***

QUITE A BOON.—A "preparation for the toilette" is advertised, which it is guaranteed, will take, "spots, discolorations, or, indeed, anything off the hands." If the "anything" includes such articles as grown-up daughters this preparation ought to have a good sale among the mothers of Belgravia, some of whom have daughters on their hands who have remained there season after season, despite the most profound generalship and the artfullest manœuvres in the maternal repertoire, and it has seemed as if they never would be got rid of. The proprietor of this invention should very speedily make his fortune.

***

OVERDOING IT.—Much emphatic advice is cited from Macaulay and others on the desirability of advertising, but it is only recently that it has been shown what really can be done in this way by anyone who gives his mind to the subject. A certain provincial grocer is said to have carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously his name and business, and held it over the clergyman's head while he read the prayers. This certainly was carrying the thing a little too far.

***

FAR MORE LIKELY.—A contemporary says that it would be curious to follow a pound of silk from its spinning until it became a lady's dress. So far, the contemporary is right; but if one may believe one's eyes, it is much more interesting to fellow it after it has become a lady's dress—especially when it has a lady in it.

***

A PROPHET INDEED.—The habit of taking off the hat in the street is being protested against by the Germans, according to a contemporary, and a society is to be formed to induce polite people to replace the old method of salutation by a simple bow. Few but Frenchman know how to take off the hat gracefully—not many Germans or Englishmen ever mastered the art. But if, instead of abolishing the salutation, fashion would banish the "chimney-pot" itself—what would not the man deserve of his generation who could accomplish *that*.

TOOTSIE AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

THERE may not be much poetry in pigs, but there's plenty of other material of a more substantial and filling character, so no Well-Regulated Girl need despise a pig.

Pigs are not naturally dirty animals; men may be, and some girls, but not pigs. Pigs like to have their backs scratched and to be scrubbed. Many men and girls may like having their backs scratched, but I never heard of any caring for scrubbing.

Tootsie, the Strokist, has no fear of the Bull.

Pigs occasionally eat their babies or other people's—human ones — but prefer their own, they being of superior flavour.

Mamma pigs sometimes have as many as twenty welcome little strangers at one time, but nature never provides accommodation for more than sixteen, generally for less. Thus, it happens, that at mealtimes, there is much feverish scrambling, and a regretable display of temper. There is generally, too, an odd man out in the cold who leads the life of a bandit or freebooter, and whose only resource is artifice or even violence towards his weaker brothers.

The mamma pig has a bad habit of overlying stray members of the family, who go to sleep under the straw, so they are thus suffocated.

A guinea pig does not cost a guinea, for he is not, strictly speaking, a pig, and naturalists seem to say they are of no use whatever, but in this, the Dook Snook says they are wrong, and that if I go and ask at the Zoo, I shall find that there have been times when they have been given to the lady lioness. I hope I am not repeating anything foolish, but the Dook is so absurd, and does say such strange things.

Billy appears to be particularly attracted by pigs. As they gaze on one another, you might fancy they grew alike. After remaining about

Farewell to the Dook. Billy to the rescue

twenty-five minutes in rapturous contemplation of a remarkably fat one, Billy exclaims:—"Anyone must be a fool to eat a hot-boiled ham any other way than with champagne sauce. Put some mustard in the sauce-boat—take care the sauce-boat is piping hot—and pour a wine-glass or so of champagne over it. There you are. And——"

Here there were loud screams, and everybody rushed to the rescue of the poor Dook, who, in sampling sheep, had toppled over into the pen, and who afterwards was awfully jostled by the boy in charge.

For myself, I most admire the untamed bull. The bull is a noble animal, and when fastened up can be contemplated with comparative safety. I attracted (inadvertently) considerable attention by patting a splendid specimen's neck.

A bull-fight must be something grand. To see the pigmy man pitted against a mighty monster must make one thrill. I wonder they don't have them over here, but this is a poor-spirited country.

Two little piggy-wigs

Lord Bob appears to entertain singular views of pleasure. The Cattle Show only made his head ache; the rest of us it made hungry, so naturally we proposed going somewhere for dinner, and we found a very decent place, indeed, where they sell Vienna beer, opposite the Angel, a few doors off the Grand Theatre. Here we fed, and Bob sulked, and then we had a box at Mr. Wilmott's, and enjoyed ourselves very much. Mr. Wilmott is not only a very polite man, but an uncommonly clever manager. He wanted to engage me.

On MONDAY NEXT,

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

TWOPENCE,

Containing Sixteen Large Pages full of Pictures and Reading, bearing on

THE FESTIVE SEASON,

By the best Comic Authors and Artists of the day.

A LARGE DOUBLE-PAGE PLATE, 22×15½,

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

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An ORIGINAL WALTZ, Composed expressly for the F.O.M., by

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Bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards, entitled

"ALLY SLOPER'S WALTZ,"

A £5 : 5 : 0 PRIZE,

And a long account of Ally's Evening Party by

MISS TOOTSIE SLOPER.

ORDER EARLY. PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MODEL MAN.

THERE lived a certain man of yore
Who always did exactly right
He never drank, nor smoked, nor swore,
And never stay'd out late at night.
He made no bets—he play'd no game
To him all women were the same;
He never knew what horses ran,
But really was a model man.

It was his common practice, too,
When promenading in the street,
To say politely, "How de do?"
To every soul he chanced to meet.
To rich and poor, to young or old,
Such was his custom, I am told;
And as these did his features scan
They'd say, "Oh, what a model man!'

He always woke before he rose,
And always yawn'd before he woke;
Besides all this, as I suppose,
He always thought before he spoke.
He never rush'd to catch a train,
But walk'd serenely through the rain;
For 'twas his ever constant plan
To seem to be a model man.

He made such progress, as I've said,
Pursuing still these worthy ends,
He got at last some miles ahead
Of all his more unworthy friends.
The moral of this story see:
Don't try a paragon to be,
Become as virtuous as you can,
But pray don't be a model man.

JUST A TRIFLE.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused by a rumour that one of the attendants in the British Museum was recently frightened into convulsions because he thought an Egyptian mummy, 4,000 years old, spoke to him. The statement wants confirmation, and is likely to want it; for to believe that a person could have anything to say who had been interred so "lengthy" (to use an Artemus-ism) is a little tomb-much.

BAD LOOK-OUT FOR TOBACCO-SMOKERS.

SCIENTIFIC men have recently discovered that the poison taken into the system from too much smoking of tobacco will cause death. There can be no doubt about this. And it is a lingering death, too. An old man died in the workhouse a few days ago, aged 97, who suffered from this complaint. He had begun smoking when he was 17, and it took 80 years to kill him. This shows what a dreadful disorder it is.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been granted to*

Mrs. MEHEW, 22, High Street, Plumstead, Kent,

For the best suggestion (printed hereunder) for a Measure to be brought before the House of Commons by the Prime Minister, A. SLOPER, F.O.M., *calculated to benefit mankind generally.*

DEAR ALLY, thy worth is untold,
Thy comical company cheap;
Far better than silver or gold—
Your wisdom is lasting and deep.

What better for all of mankind,
At the close of a long working week,
Than to put all the cobwebs behind,
And your penn'orth of pure fun to seek.

Compulsory schooling may fix
Great things for this Isle in the sea;
But the measure for year '86
COMPULSORY SLOPER should be.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

Upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the Qualifications being stated beneath each name.

ALICE ATHERTON,
Because she's Japanned.

JOHN BRIGHT,
Because he's Peace at any price.

HADYN COFFIN,
Because he can sing.

JOE CHAMBERLAIN,
Because he's got a cow and 3 acres.

SIR CHARLES DILKE,
Because he's the proprietor of the "Athenæum."

CHARLES GODFREY,
Because he composed "ALLY SLOPER'S Waltz."

W. E. GLADSTONE,
Because he's the G. O. M.

MARION HOOD,
Because she sings prettily

C. PARNELL,
Because he may govern the country.

TOM SMITH,
Because his Christmas Crackers always go off.

LORD SALISBURY,
Because he's a "Little Conservative."

EVA SOTHERN,
Because she's awfully nice.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99, Shoe Lane,
Fleet Street, London E.C.
December 12th, 1885.

HAUNTED.

THEY were talking in the smoking-room of the Leviathan.

"Since poor Dick died," said John Hargroves, "I've never been the same man. I came in for a good bit of the property, of course, but I didn't want old Dick to die."

"Nor yet for him to cut up so well for his widow and leave you out in the cold," said the small viscount.

"Pippy," said John, Hargroves, "my brother's wife is living in Venice."

"It is strange," replied the little viscount.

"Why?" asked John Hargroves.

"Because it is,' said the viscount.

John Hargroves was in love. Why was he in love?

She was a nice, sweet, tender, plump, pretty, fresh, honest, natural English girl.

She loved John Hargroves, Kate Moseton did. She was not ashamed of her love. She did not hide it when she kissed him, although the Mosetons are one of the best families in Debrett.

John breathing hard at the keyhole.

"John," said Kate, "your brother's widow is a strange woman. She is not one you would like to put you arm round her neck as you do round mine."

"I did once," answered John, thoughtfully; she wore pins, and they hurt my arm dreadfully."

The frank English girl had an honest hot temper of her own. She stepped nimbly aside and raised her foot. John gave a shrill scream, and then stooped down and sadly picked up one of the two coat buttons that had been struck off.

It was only a lovers' quarrel.

They made it up again, and Susan, the nimble maid, easily fastened the buttons on the back of the coat.

"Your sister-in-law is stopping at the Hotel Bella Donna, behind the Grand Canal, at Venice. She asked me to go and see her. I shall do so, John. You may follow on afterwards."

"The Hotel Bella Donna is where my brother died so strangely," thought John to himself; "it is very strange. I, too, will go to Venice."

Venice! Ah!

John Hargroves did not sleep well that night in his bed at the Hotel Bella Donna. There might have been two or three hundred reasons why he did not. He could not have caught at one; he was simple-minded and straightforward.

"I wonder why I can't get to sleep?" he said aloud. Then he looked round the room. It was lonely, strange, quaint, bizarre. An unpleasant feeling came over him. "What is that peculiar round thing over there?" he said aloud. "It cannot be—it cannot be—no—it is like a head—a face—it is like the face of my brother!"

He fell back in a kind of half swoon.

* * * * * *

The next morning he sat at breakfast with his brother's widow and his own frank, honest, plump, true-hearted, spanking English girl.

"I could not sleep last night, Melanie," said John. "I dreamt that I saw a head." His sister-in-law, with a scream, fell fainting to the ground.

They brought her to with a *tasse* of *Genevo Frigido*. As it burnt her lips she looked around with a wild gaze.

"Melanie has some mystery about her, Kate," said the young lover. "She talks in her sleep. I should like you to sleep with her, and I will listen at the keyhole."

"You will do nothing of the sort," answered Kate. But at length she consented.

Melaine went to bed. Kate had not undressed. She sat up reading.

"Ha!" cried Melanie in her sleep. She was sitting up in bed. She was looking before her. "That head—that head! Why will it ever weary me thus?" Kate came and stood beside the bed.

"My husband!" wailed Melanie. "To think that I was your murderess! I boiled your body in the copper. I put your head in the Nabob pickle-jar, and hid it up the chimney in this very room, and now it haunts me thus. I have got the money that you left me. Why do you haunt me thus?"

Kate heard John breathing hard at the keyhole. Melanie fell off into a heavy doze. If you do not think that I can write a sensational incident, you make a great mistake. You are an ass

* * * * * *

They found the head in the pickle-bottle as the wicked woman had said. She died next day. They buried her in the little Protestant cemetery behind the Palazzo San Ricardo. They put no tombstone over her. Tombstones cost money. The hotel was pulled down last year. When I went there last week to get a citrono-squasho there was no house left.

* * * *

They succeeded to the money. They married.

If you go to Galsthorpe Manor you will have a hearty English welcome.

They were talking at the Leviathan

It is a beautiful sight on a fine summer's evening to see Kate Hargroves chastening her youngest born with a razor-strop.

She is a good English girl, and there can be nothing nicer than a good English girl—excepting two.

have done

AN IRISH HOWL.

Mr. O'Flanagan. Well, Barney, when you come to see your landlord ye moight put a coat on ye.

Barney. Is it coat, your honour? Shure, thin, the ownly dacent coat I'll be having is jist a bundle of howls stitched tigethure, and sorra a rag else—and that same in pawn—bad cess to it intoirly. [*N.B.—By "howls" Barney meant "holes."*

Snipson has accidentally trodden on this gentleman's toe, and apologized profusely. "Oh, beggin' pardon won't do for me; I shall slap your head."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.
The Prompter:—"Wait a minute! I've lost my place."

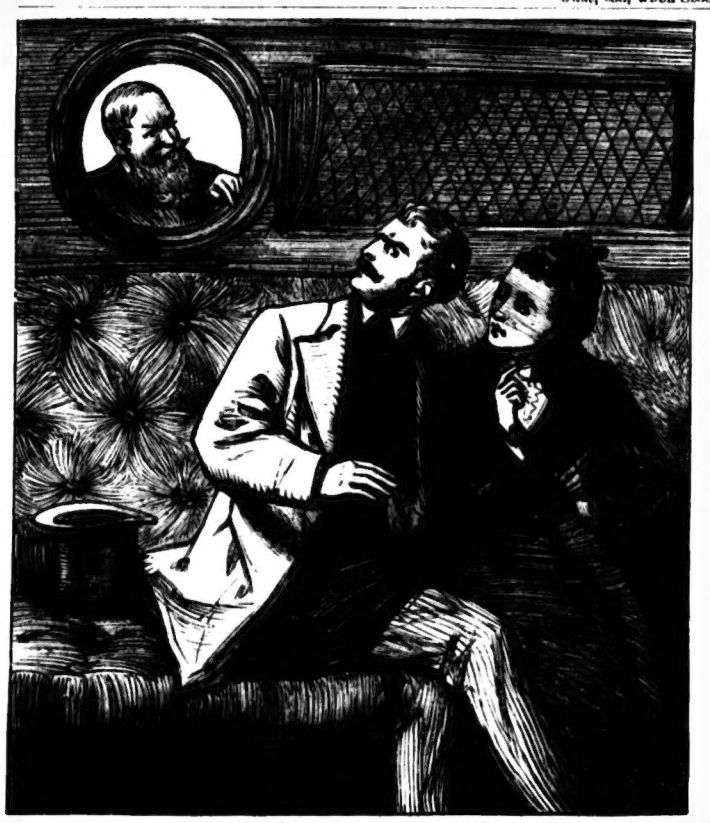
THE LEGITIMATE.

Manager. Now what the deuce do you want?

Call-Boy. Please, sir, I heard you say you was in want o' so'think to foller, so I've jist knocked off a three-act society comedy

THAT WAY? OH, YES! VERY LIKELY.

Just, too, when Stodger had been telling Podger that, as the beastly thing was locked, the only way was round by the road, a good two miles, if it is an inch.



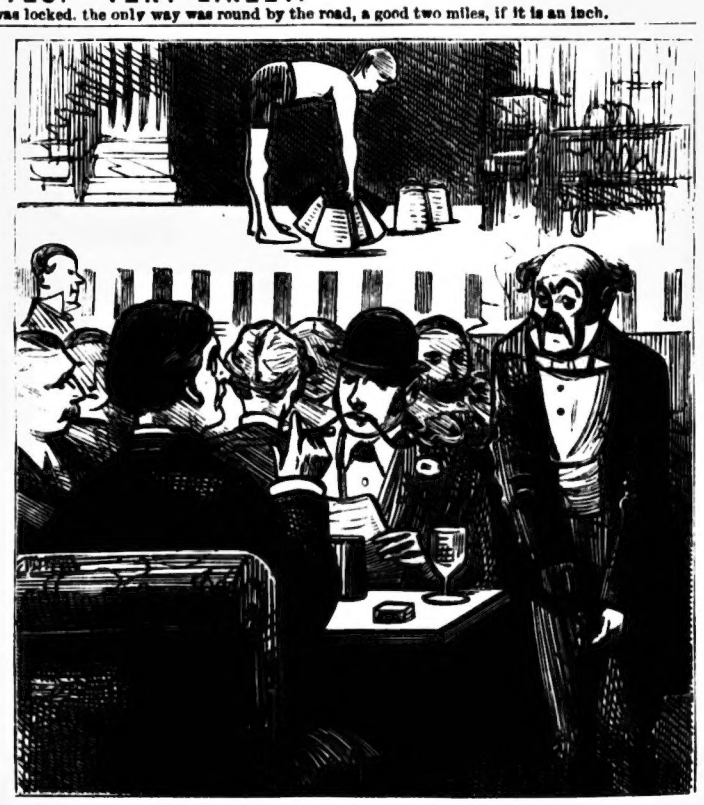
JACKSON, HIS JOKE.

Jackson recognises Smith, but not recognising Mrs. Smith, who is with him. Come, I say, I shall tell her! [*Precious long explanations ensue.*

"So ho, you would deceive me!"

"THE IRONMASTER."

A New Reading.



CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

Patron in the stalls to Able-bodied Attendant. Are those weights real, waiter?

Able-bodied One. Oh, yes, sir; we can do nothink with 'em, I assure you, sir. *I* can't move e'm, sir!

This represents an absconding Bank Manager, a friend of Iky Moses, who having with the aid of Moses "nicked" close on a quarter of a million of money, retires to sunny Spain, and there smokes the pipe of peace. Ghosts of Bobbies appear to slow music!

THE SORT OF THING THAT GOES ON EVERYWHERE.

SCENE—*A Club.*

Crusty Old Member. Here, waiter, get me a chop, no pepper on it, or salt, and tell the cook to cut the fat off.

Occasional Waiter. Yessir; do you like it *lean*, sir?

TAKING IT JAPAN-EASY.

With kind love from ALLY *and* TOOTSIE *to* MR. TANNAKER BUHICROSAN, *of the Japanese Native Village at Hyde Park.*

THE HEROINE OF A DUSTHEAP.

1. "Then, Mr. Rivers," said the head of the firm of the great dust contractors, "you will commence your duties as manager to-morrow morning."—Little did Alfric Rivers know that on this new appointment hung his destiny.

2. He had given his orders to the several hundred dustmen under his charge, and they had gone on their respective rounds, when he found himself in the women's department. There, hip high in the grimy dust she had been sifting, resting with a natural grace on her sieve, stood Jane.

3. Their eyes met, his filled with uncontrollable, undisguised helpless, passionate, sudden first love hers with dust, and a consciousness that the new manager had found her skulking at her work.

4. Suddenly she turned on Alfric, her fine eyes flashing with anger, and caught him in her strong grasp by the collar. "Why are you always a-follerin' me, young man?" she said fiercely. He could conceal his feelings no longer. "Because - because," he faltered, "*I love you Jane!*" The colour flew from her cheek, and her hand dropped from his collar.

5. "I only want your promise, Jane, that you will marry me when you have completed your education and are fit to be called Mrs. Rivers." "I am so young, so ignorant," she replied. "oh, if you betrayed your trust!" "I will not Jane so help me Heaven," he said solemnly. "Then give me some slight token of your love," she said, and hastily drew from his finger his large gold ring set with a single diamond of matchless beauty and size, and replaced it by one from her own, a simple brass curtain ring found by her long ago in the ashes.

6. And as she raised her hand to put back a loose tress of hair the sparkle of the gem caught the policeman's eye. "Stop, young woman," he said, "I suspect you stole that ring!" They were the last words he ever uttered; Jane's eyes and the ring flashed simultaneously, the first with indignation, the second through the air on to the brow of the policeman, who fell bleeding and lifeless to the ground.

7. "Husband," she said, as they wandered alone on the seashore, on an early day of their honeymoon, "can you love with all your soul, with all your strength, one who has been reared from the dustheap, one who has been tried for murder——" "And acquitted on the grounds of justifiable homicide," he interrupted. "I can and do, dearest, most devoutly! By-the-bye, my own, did I tell you that I have provided for the family of the unfortunate though rash policeman?"

MASHERS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Young Lady. Do please, Mr. Smith, help me. I can't get this horrid moustache to stick on anyhow.

[ALLY *wishes he was Mr. Smith.*

CARLO THE GENTLE FRYIST

ALLY-CAMPANE.

The result of the present election must have played the very deuce with some of the political prophets. The number of hitherto (according to their own showing) infallible and unerring prophets that I, in my little way, have chanced on, and who have all been wrong, would astonish you. But I won't publish their names; it would be too cruel. The sort of talk that is talked by the people who for hours at a stretch loiter at bars of public houses is astonishing. And these men are entrusted with votes. For instance, a man in my hearing says:—"It's this 'ere question of disestablished church that's done it. It oughtn't to have been introduced." "Why not? What's the odds? I don't hold with religion myself." "You don't hold with law then" "What's that got to do with it?" "Everything that ain't law ain't founded on the ten commandments." "I don't hold by the ten commandments; the rest of the law's good enough for me." "But if you was to break one or two of 'em you'd find yourself in the wrong box, you bet." "Which are those?" "Well, the one about stealing, and the murder one." "Perhaps I might, as far as that goes, but let's hear another." "Well, you know 'em as well as I do." "If that's all then you don't know 'em at all. Let's see now what are they. Does any one know?" Nobody did, so they liquored up. We have not heard much of John Bright lately; what's become of him?

***

The "Boy Volunteer Corps" should prove a benefit at once to our boys and their country. They will not, indeed, be wanted to fight till they grow older, though soldiers of very tender years have before now fronted the foe; and Lord Beaconsfield's saying, that the history of heroes is the history of youth, applies especially to the annals of war. At the age of thirteen, Henry V. commanded an expedition against the insurgent Welsh, and may have profited in after years by the defeat he then experienced at the hands of Owen Glendower. The Black Prince completed his sixteenth year a few weeks before the day of Cressy. But the naval record of modern times would be sufficient to show the capacity of boys for real service. In any case it may be hoped that our new defenders will, each and all, escape the ignominious fate which befell some distinguished officers in the army of King George III. "I had the honour this morning," Dr. Goodall, head master of Eton, is reported to have once said, "of flogging a major in His Majesty's service."

***

King Theebaw, in his proclamation issued on the outbreak of the war, declared that "if the barbarians attack any part of our dominions we will march against them in person, sweep them away, exterminate them, and take their country. We will do this with the help of our arms—foot soldiers, artillery, elephants, and horsemen, by land and water." General Prendergast, on the other hand, declared in his proclamation: "There can be no hope of improvement in the condition of affairs in Upper Burmah as long as the present occupant of the throne remains in power, and the Government of India has decided that his Majesty shall cease to reign." So poor Theebaw knuckled under, and is now regarded by the Burmese population and particularly by his wives as very small potatoes indeed.

***

The now President of Magdalen is somewhat shy. Recently, he kindly asked a number of fresh men to lunch Of necessity, the conversation turned on the weather. Quoth the President:—"I am very glad we have got a little sun this morning." The "fresher" addressed replied, with alacrity: "Oh, indeed, sir! I was not aware. I trust Mrs. Warren is doing well!" Oh, my!

***

In consequence of the return of Mr. J. L. Toole to his own Theatre, *On 'Change* has been transferred to the Strand for one month, prior to arrangements being made for another London Theatre, to continue the run of this most successful Comedy. Meantime Miss Eweretta Lawrence and Mr. Felix Morris, both F.O.S., carry all before them, and in modern phraseology, "take the cake."

***

A profound sensation was produced throughout Europe by the news of King Alfonso of Spain's death. It had for some time past been no secret that the young king was in a very delicate state of health, but the energy and determination which he displayed on every occasion had led many to hope that the unfavourable reports circulated at intervals were exaggerated, and that he would eventually regain his strength. The reign of the ill-fated king was anything but a happy one. How the future queen, a young person not very long short-coated, will fare, it is difficult to guess.

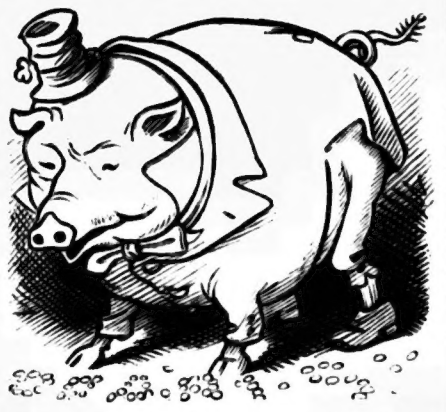
***

The fashions are being set in London rather than Paris. At any rate the Capital has, until quite recently, been treated to a succession of fogs, which are joked about by the Boulevardiers as an English invasion from the banks of the Thames.

***

The four-wheeled vehicle which the Birmingham company intend to introduce has been approved by the authorities at Scotland Yard, and appears to be a hybrid sort of brougham, the back part letting down so as to make an open carriage, while the front remains intact and can be utilised for carrying luggage. It is also proposed to run large numbers of victorias for the use of ladies when shopping or visiting. There is every prospect of the success of the latter undertaking, as it will supply a want which has long been felt.

On another page will be found, contributed by our darling Tootsie, some excessively interesting facts relative to the private history of pigs. Everybody likes pig who has tried. Parties of the Jewish persuasion, under certain circumstances, don't always call pig pig—at least, so I am told. The Eminent and his faithful dog Snatcher, met with an extraordinary adventure at the Cattle Show; but for further particulars see front page.



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The Eminent is delighted to see that his old friend Leo, the introducer of American drinks into Europe, is to the fore at the New London Pavilion. His drinks are better than ever, even in the palmy days of his Criterion bar, and the subsequent show in the Haymarket. Among other luxuries that Ally indulged in the first night may be mentioned the following drinks, viz:

"Flip Flap," "Brandy Cocktail," "Gin and Tansy," "Gin Cocktail," "Heap of Comfort," "Egg Cocktail," "Whisky Cocktail," "Rattlesnake," "Sam Ward," "Pavilion Reviver," "Sherry Blush," "Fairies' Kiss," "Champagne Cocktail," "Ladies' Blush," "Brandy Sour" "Whisky Sour," "St. Croix Sour," "Gin Sour," "Colleen Bawn," "Soiree Coffee Punch," "Pick-me-up," "Saddle Rock," "Knickebein," "Sherry Flip."

"Bravo, Leo!" Tootsie, however, swears by the "Bosom Caresser."

***

His Grace the Dook Snook begs to acknowledge the following further subscriptions to the "Sloper Umbrella Fund," sincerely hoping that no more money will be sent in.

Brought forward from last week, 5s. 4½d. C. B. K. (a Dove) ½d.; T. H. E., ½d.; A Lover of Sloper and Three Friends (Cork), 2d; Mary Edith, ½d.; Annie Nelson ½d.; A. T. P., ½d.; Alice Constance, T. M., ½d. The Firemen at the Chief Fire Station, Jackson's Row, Manchester, 10½d.; Ena and Eunice (London Trocadero), 1d.; Bill Sloper (Poplar), 3d. Total, 6s. 11½d.

For further particulars see Prize Announcement on page 394.

***

Did you ever see an Asiatic making love? It is the finest fun in the world. He squats down opposite the object of his affections, eructates two or three times, scratches himself, glares awfully, and eventually breaks out into smiles and perspiration. That is the crowning point; then he dozes for a bit, and after another good scratch all over he takes himself off, fully persuaded that he has created a favourable impression.

***

Everybody will regret to hear that the withdrawal of *Olivia* at the Lyceum has been necessitated by Miss Ellen Terry's continued illness. Delightful as Miss Winifred Emery's impersonation is, of course, after all that has been said of Miss Terry in the character, those who had not seen her naturally desired to do so, and will for the most part wait. *Louis XI.* was produced last Monday, for six nights only, and met with a good reception from a well-filled house; Irving of course took his original character of Louis.

***

Covent Garden Circus will open on Boxing Day, Mr. William Holland acting as sole manager, Mr. Douglas Cox in front, and Mr. A. Henry as equestrian director. An immense company of equestrians of both sexes, gymnasts, acrobats, and clowns have been engaged, and the list of names now announced is prodigious. There will be a band of fifty native musicians, under the direction of Mr. John Fitzgerald. Two performances are to be given every day. Business, eh?

***

Years ago, domestic servants were content to wear a full-bottomed cap with side whiskers and strings, such as may be seen in many of Leech's sketches. But a wave of restlessness has since passed over the minds of the inhabitants of the kitchen and the housemaid's pantry; and, servants who formerly were glad to spend a lifetime in the service of one family, now find it difficult to remain three years in the same situation. This independent spirit began to have an outward and visible sign in a desire to reject the headdress, which some freethinkers below stairs looked upon as a badge of slavery. The substantial cap was found an incumbrance, and first of all was docked of its strings. Away went the whiskers, while inch by inch the body of the structure became beautifully less, until there was left only a hairpin and a morsel of lace. Then the struggle began in earnest, and "no caps" was the watchword of the domestic army. Mistresses issued their *mandamus*, but unless they were exceedingly firm on the point, the cap was discarded at every available opportunity, and the slightest excuse was sufficient for an appearance bareheaded. Some of the weaker sisters succumbed in the struggle, and abandoned the wordy war of "you shall" and I "shar-r-n't." At this juncture some clever mistress, with more knowledge of human nature than the rest, summoned vanity to her aid. The mob-cap was introduced; the girls glanced at themselves in the looking glass, and were conquered. They had only to be told how well they looked, and that the pretty girls at the theatres wore them, and the battle was won.

***

Christmas is once more upon us, and with it a whole deluge of Christmas Annuals, first and foremost of which is the Double Number of "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," published as everyone knows, on Monday next. Buy early! Be in time! "Ally Sloper's Christmas Holidays" is eagerly looked forward to by the whole civilised world. It will be an absolutely stupendous twopennyworth, containing waste paper enough to last any respectable family a month.

***

Some provincial newspapers have thought proper to circulate a wild story, that the Prince of Wales amused himself by gambling when he was in Hungary, and that he brought home with him 'heavy winnings' from the tables in the Casino at Buda-Pesth. These statements are pure fiction, for I am in a position to assert confidently that, as a matter of fact, the Prince never touched a card while he was in Hungary. It is really most discreditable that the editors of respectable journals of wide circulation should recklessly publish such mischievous and offensive inventions.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A Calendar for the Week Ending December 19th.

13th December, 1885.—St. Lucy. She was a native of Syracuse, and was offered marriage by a young nobleman; but being determined to devote herself to a religious life, she persistently refused; the result was her martyrdom in 304. A curious legend regarding St. Lucy is, that on her lover complaining to her that her beautiful eyes haunted him day and night, she cut them out of her head and sent them to him, begging him now to leave her to pursue unmolested her devotional aspirations. It is added that Heaven, to recompense this act of abnegation, restored her eyes, rendering them more beautiful than ever. In allusion to this circumstance, St. Lucy is generally represented bearing a platter, on which two eyes are laid; and her intercession is frequently implored by persons labouring under ophthalmic affections.

13th December, 1867.—On this day the Fenians attempted to blow up the Clerkenwell House of Detention, in order to rescue the prisoners Burke and Casey. Some persons were seen to wheel a barrel into Copenhagen Lane. A man was then seen to place a squib or fuse into the end, and coolly apply a match, after which he hastened away; in another moment the explosion followed. The prison wall for sixty yards heaved and shook, and fell inwards with a loud crash. Many of the houses opposite were blown to pieces, and otherwise much damaged. Six persons were killed outright by the explosion, six more died from its effects, and 120 people were wounded.

14th December, 1789.—Caleb Elliott this day died of starvation. He was a visionary enthusiast, who imagined that he was called upon to fast forty days, and actually lived sixteen days without food of any kind, having refused all sorts of sustenance. "Starvation" is probably the only word in the English language having an Anglo-Saxon root and a Latin termination. It is not to be found in any of the early dictionaries, and is believed to have been first used by Mr. Dundas in the House of Commons in 1775. Chaucer says the Trojans *starved* through the stratagem of the wooden horse. He also applies the word to the death of Christ upon the cross. In the South of England it is confined in use to those who die of hunger; but in the North such people are said to be *clemmed*, and one who perishes of cold is said to be *starved*.

14th December, 1835.—The St. James's theatre, built at a cost of £26,000 by the celebrated John Braham, the great tenor, was opened on this day with an original operatic burletta, by Gilbert A'Beckett, entitled *Agnes Sorel*, in which the principal parts were sustained by Messrs. Braham and Morris Barnett, and the Misses Glossop and P. Horton (Mrs. German Reed). An original interlude, *A Clear Case*, followed the opera, and an original farce, *A French Company*, concluded the performance.

15th December, 1794.—Carrier, Pinard, and Grand-Maison, were this day guillotined in Paris. The former was noted for his refined cruelty to the numerous victims which power placed in his hands. Analogous to the punishment of the guillotine was the custom long in existence here, known as the "Halifax Gibbet Law," for the protection of the cloth trade, by which offenders were beheaded summarily for theft. It is related that on one occasion a market woman on horseback passing the gibbet at the very moment of the descent of the axe, the head was jerked into her lap, seizing her apron with the teeth so firmly that she was with difficulty disengaged from it. In Crabtree's "History of Halifax" will be found a full account of the subject.

15th December, 1764.—Robert Lloyd, a poet and miscellaneous writer, died this day in the Fleet prison. He was a professed imitator of Prior, and Cowper, who was once his associate, in an epistle published by Mr. Hayley, compliments him as—

"Born sole heir and single
Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle."

16th December, 1885.—On this day grouse shooting closes. "Time has been," said Sir Walter Scott to Captain Basil, "when I did shoot a good deal, but, somehow, I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and, going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours, but I am not ashamed to say that no practice ever reconciled me to the cruelty of the affair."

16th December, 1850.—On this day the tide broke into the sewage works under Northumberland Street, Charing Cross, and drowned two workmen engaged in the drain. The others, fourteen in number, escaped. In forming the vast net-work of London sewers, a large number of ancient remains of animals, coins, and curiosities were found. They consisted chiefly of the bones of elephants, whales, and horns of deer and oxen, with some flint implements of war, and human skulls, stone and leaden coffins, and a number of Roman coins.

17th December, 1593.—Henry May, an English mariner returning from the East Indies, was this day wrecked on the islands of Bermudas, and was the first Englishman who set foot on those islands. The carpenter's tools having been saved, they built a cedar bark of about eighteen tons, payed the seams with lime and turtle's fat, procured some rigging from the wreck, and put in thirteen live turtles for provisions, when, having remained there nearly five months, they sailed for Newfoundland.

17th December, 1778.—The theatre at Saragossa, in Spain, was this day destroyed by fire, occastoning the death of four hundred persons.

17th December, 1844.—A collision occurred this day on the Thames between the steamers *Sylph* and *Orwell* off Greenwich. The *Sylph* sank in a few minutes, but with the exception of two, who were drowned, the rest of the passengers were saved by the *Orwell*.

18th December, 1876.—Whilst restoring the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, some interesting historical discoveries were this day made at the Tower. Coffins containing the remains of persons executed for State offences were found, and by examination of contemporary chronicles, one body was identified as that of the Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, executed by Henry VII., and another as Robert Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, the father of Lady Jane Grey.

18th December, 1615.—Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits, reports that he found this day at Port Desire a skeleton of nearly eleven feet in length, entombed.

18th December, 1861.—James Waller, a notorious poacher, was this day sentenced to be executed at York Assizes for shooting a gamekeeper on the estate of Mr. Horsfall, Hawkswaith Hall.

19th December, 1745.—The takings of three nights' acting of the *Beggar's Opera* were this day given to encourage the army against France and the rebels. Captain Macheath is the hero of this play. He is captain to a gang of highwaymen—a fine, bold-faced ruffian, "game" to the very last. He is married to Polly Peachum, but finds himself dreadfully embarrassed between Polly his wife and Lucy, to whom he has promised marriage. Being betrayed by eight women at a drinking bout, the captain is lodged in Newgate, but Lucy effects his escape. He is recaptured, tried, and condemned to death; but, being reprieved, acknowledges Polly to be his wife, and promises to remain constant to her for the future. J. Walker was the original "Macheath," but Charles Hulet (1701-1736) was allowed to excel him. O'Keefe says West Digges (1720-1786) was the best he ever saw in person, song, and manners. Incledon (1764-1826) performed the part well, and in 1821 Miss Blake delighted playgoers by her pretty imitation of the highwayman.

19th December, 1838.—Mr. T. Raikes notes in his journal under this date: "As a proof of the value of greyhounds in Russia, we may take an announcement of the Odessa journal, that an estate of 2,000 acres, with 78 peasants, was recently offered by the marshal of the district of Ekaterinoslav in exchange for a white greyhound called Sultan, belonging to another nobleman" The Finlanders used to supply their want of numbers against the Muscovites by the help of war-dogs.

19th December, 1866.—An iron girder, at the Aldersgate Station of the Metropolitan Railway, this day fell, causing the death of four people who were in the last carriage of a passing train. This railway was opened for passenger traffic from Paddington to Farringdon Street, on the 10th of January, 1863, when it was calculated that over thirty thousand persons were carried over the line in the course of the day.

DRUNKEN BILL.

A WHIFF of onions, gin, and tripe,
A sodden sot with a tap-room pipe,
And grease bedizened ragged clothes,
A bloated face and a purple nose,
A doze and a booze, a booze and a doze—
Drunken Bill whom nobody knows.

Bill.

A score o' years ago, my wench,
Bill stuck hard at his tools and bench,
He'd as pretty a wife as you could wish—
For a workman, p'raps, too dainty a dish;
And Bill slaved hard, and she had the best,
And she looked quite a swell when Sunday-dressed.
"You get your dresses so cheap," said he;
"My Polly's as grand as grand can be."

Polly was pretty, of that don't doubt,
But somehow, when Bill at his work was out,
She took to thinking the place was small,
The food was bad, and the kid would squall;
Her bonnet she'd pop on her pretty head,
And take a turn in the streets, instead
Of staying at home—a humdrum life—
'Twas hard to be but a workman's wife!
And she wouldn't frown when a swell passed by
And looked at her hard with a knowing eye.

And Bill was at work at a City swell's,
Who lived in the shady Richmond dells,
Where the river flowed by the garden grass,
Where the dainty boats in the sunlight pass.

Bill was watching, when swift he saw
Something that thrilled with a deadly awe.
"It can't be Polly in yonder boat,
With a golden locket around her throat,
Chaffing that swell with might and main—
It can't be Polly"—he looks again;
But Polly it is, who turns her head,
Her face is changing from white to red.
She has caught Bill's eye and its angry gleam,
She cries, and starts, and falls into the stream.

Polly.

The boat's upset, and her friend the swell
Is clean shot out in the stream as well.

"Shall I help 'em?" says Bill, with a gloomy frown,
"What's the odds if both of 'em drown?
And the swell can't swim—he'll sink like a stone—
Best, perhaps, to leave 'em alone."
But no, he's dashed in the speeding stream,
No ears are his to be deaf to that scream.

Perjured wife and paramour
Are both of 'em safe on the sunny shore.

There's a lonely man who sits in a room,
Who sits by himself in the dismal gloom,
A wife has flown, and a child is dead—
How can he live? he puzzles his head.

What can he do but sigh and think,
Unless, for a change, he goes in for drink?

SOMETHING LIKE COMPOSITION.

CONTRIBUTED BY "ALLY'S" PRINTER'S D——.

GELINA: A LOVE TALE.

I HAVE known the object of my ! for a lengthened . , and I honestly believe that my devotion has no ‖ in the annals of love. A ? from her mamma led me to declare myself to the best of my ability; but to give any idea of the depth of my passion was + than I could do. Hitherto the * * * * alone had been the silent auditors of my tale of woe poured forth in piteous ' ° ".

Her mamma, in reply, in referring to a ¶ in my letter in which the amount of my salary was set forth, appeared to entertain some ∋∋ as to its being quite enough for two persons to live on, unless it could be somehow ×, and she thought that perhaps, under the circumstances, I had better dry up.

I was partaking of my midday meal of boiled beef and ΛΛ, a § of which I was conveying to my mouth. My agonies for the news and a bit of beef simultaneously stuck in my throat were simply fearful, and I can say—no—that. Frantically I called for a +, but as no one had one handy, I subsided into a state of , in which I remained senseless for many hours. Here I think I had better .

THE SCIENTIFIC AND THE UNSCIENTIFIC WAY.

ONE of those scientific persons who are prepared to explain everything has given the following directions for producing certain phenomena with a shell:—"Take a shell in the hand, cause it to move quickly through the air, and then bring it into immediate contact with the organ of hearing. What happens? Every muscle in the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on the stretch than others, particularly those of the fingers. It is conceded that the vibrations of the fibres in those fingers being communicated to the shell, it propagates and intensifies them as the hollow body of a violin does the vibration of its strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receives the sonorous expressions." At this point one can imagine an unscientific person exclaiming "Wonderful! Why, in my young days we just brandished the shell about a bit, and then listened!"

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

**** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA, U.S.A., *Nov.* 29*th*, 1885.

MY VERY DEAR OLD ALLY,—It is now some time since I left my Fatherland, and I cannot tell you how joyfully I look forward to every Saturday, when I receive the "HALF-HOLIDAY," and see your dear, genial old face looking at me. I am awfully sorry to hear about the gingham. What tales that gingham could tell, if it could speak! How many two's of unsweetened has it watched disappear? How many midnight larks has it been in? I enclose three penny stamps towards a new one Give my kind regards to Mrs. Sloper and the children, and remember me to my old friends, the Dook Snook and the Hon'ble Billy. I shall expect to hear from you soon, in fact I think you had better send me the copy of the "H-H." in which you acknowledge my letter. Though I have not the title, I still remain a very sincere F.O.S.

GERARD F. N. MURRAY.

17 HAMILTON TERRACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W., *Nov.* 29*th*, 1885.

MY DEAR ALLY,—Pardon me, if, as an old friend, I venture to point out one little blot in your otherwise admirable and sarcastic "Manifesto." It is in the use of the word "Preventative" for Preventive in Article 40. A reference to any English Dictionary shows that no such word exists.

Homer sometimes nods, and your Eminency may well be forgiven if, under the combined influence of "unsweetened" and political excitement, you have been a little oblivious of orthography.

Believe me, dear Ally, ever yours,

ALLY SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., etc., etc., H. S. MARKS, F.O.S.

CHICAGO, *Nov.* 29*th*, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—Going into a saloon, on the outskirts of this city, to take a drink, the other day, I saw the following legend inscribed in large letters behind the bar:—

"Trust is bust, bust is hell,
No trust, no bust, no hell."

Directly underneath lay a couple of revolvers Has the "Eminent," or any of his friends, ever paid Chicago a visit? was the thought which immediately flashed across my brain. With fond love to Tootsie, and best wish for the continued success of your valuable journal, which I receive weekly from the dear old country, and welcome as an old friend, I am, yours very truly, AN ENGLISHMAN.

The Editor, "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

ST. MARGARET'S ROAD, TWICKENHAM, *November* 30*th*, 1885.

MY DEAR ALLY,—It affords me great pleasure, I'm sure, to be of some little service to you. In a recent issue of your world-famed "HALF-HOLIDAY," you are asked, it seems, what day the 28th of March, 1869, fell on. It was on a Sunday, so now, ALLY, old boy, you can oblige "Perplexed" (Wimbledon), and I think he should stand you twopennyworth of unsweetened; if he won't, well, when you are down at Twickenham, you can stick twopennyworth up to me at the Railway Tavern. Your old pal Baxter, I think, can tell you where it is, as I believe he once resided not very far from it, only don't get making love to the daughter, as I am on the job, and I know what killing attractions you have, that I might be made jealous. You told me some time ago I should do something startling to get your Order of Merit. Well, I did so on Saturday. I kicked a goal at football—the first in my life, and it won my club their first round for Cup. I enclose you paper to show you its all square. Now I do think I have earned it, and I'll join your club now, I think, if you will have me; if not, well, I'll still remain, yours on the ball, E. R. J. COOPER.

105 QUEEN'S CRESCENT, HAVERSTOCK HILL, N.W., *December* 1*st*, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your "Manifesto"—it is splendid, and the portraits are lovely. Am I to be numbered with your many friends? I have always been foremost among your very many admirers. Am I not a man and a model? Being a model, I might say a perfect man (egotism not meant); and it has come to this. You wish for my abolition. ALLY, my dear ALLY, why is this? You cannot imagine the suspense with which I await your reply.

I have been living with the fond hope that one day I should possess your "Award of Merit," because I am a model, and now all my castles in the air are dashed to the ground. Awaiting your verdictal reply, hoping to be ever yours, A. D. ELSBURY,

The favourite model of Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., Harry Furniss, Esq., Frederick Barnard, Esq., &c.

A. SLOPER, Esq.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—I am Toby Veck—poor blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, teeth-chattering Trotty, as Dickens loved to call me—and when I heard that you had put in for Parliament I said to myself, "Here's a man who was *once* as seedy, as broken-up, as down-at-heel as myself," though your umbrella gave you some advantage, for *I* never possessed one! Still we had something in common; we were both hard done by, and each the father of a beautiful daughter. "So," says I to myself, "I must see *The Sloper Manifesto*." But, oh, when I read that you styled yourself *Friend of Man*, the image of Sir Joseph Bowley, M.P., rose to my mind. He too was self-called *Friend and Father*. And yet he was very severe on poor men like myself. He asserted that *he* never got into debt. *He* never had a score chalked up against him, and upbraided me for not settling up with Mrs. Chickenstalker. Will you be as hard as he was? "The Chimes," "The Bells," "The Shades" say *No*—no—no! not he—not SLOPER! Oh dear no! *We* know SLOPER! Nevertheless, I should like your own word for it, and meanwhile

I remain, your humble constituent,

Dec. 2, 1885. TOBIAS VECK.

BETHNAL GREEN, *Dec.* 3, 1885.

SIR,—We are disgusted with you. Why not have acted manly and say you were a Conservative, not pretend to go by votes? We shall in future refuse to take you in, and will do all the harm we can to such trickery and Tory deceit.

A. SLOPER, Esq., M.P. Yours, A RADICAL.

CANONBURY, N., *Dec.* 4, 1885.

DEAR ALLY,—I send your "HALF-HOLIDAY" to the Cape of Good Hope every month. I received the following letter from my cousin, which he wishes me to post you:—

6 DEARY TERRACE, ROELAND STREET, CAPE TOWN.

DEAR CLIVE,—I thank you very much for sending me "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" I show it to my friends, and they all say it is the funniest paper they have ever seen. With kind regards to all. I remain,

Your affectionate cousin, PERCY WÜNDERLICH.

P.S.—I am saving all Miss Tootsie Sloper's fashions. Send this letter to "The Sloperies."—P.W.

62 GILLYGATE, YORK, *Saturday*, *Dec.* 5, 1885.

DEAR MR. SLOPER,—Is this you, allowing for the slight difference in the spelling of the name? However busy you are you must write and tell me, for I have your honour deeply at Heart. Yours truly, JOHN HOWE.

"In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft, voluptuous couches breathed repose,
ALI reclined, a man of war and woes;
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
Along that aged venerable face,
The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace."

—"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto II., Verse lxii., *et sequitur*.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

MAXIM.—Give a child a bat and most likely it'll bawl.

IT is a bad sign to see a cockney communist with his hat off at midnight explaining the theory and principles of true democracy—to a lamp-post.

SOME husbands, though anything but sharp, are awfully shrewd.

MOST lovers like to be alone—with their sweethearts of course.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.

(Commenced in No. 54.)

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—*(Continued.)*

HE was very nice and gentlemanly, and with the sweetest voice I ever heard, but if you will believe it, he never paid me a single compliment, and when Jack Hathernett across the table murmured something high-flown and classical about me and Venus and the Graces, Mr. Brandon looked at him in mild surprise and then at me with something like pity, only, of course, he would not have had the impertinence to pity me, as he asked, I thought, rather contemptuously:

"Do you like that style of conversation, Miss Grahame?'

Brother Tom.

"We're not all perambulating dictionaries, Mr. Brandon," I answered sharply; but, upon my word, when I came to think over what Jack had said, it *was* very stupid.

Sir Edgar Cheriton now was charming. *He* never gave himself airs nor pretended to understand anything, and had such a lovely vacant expression in his beautiful eyes that from the very first I was convinced he would make a perfect husband,—so good-looking, as I said before, and his baronetcy one of the oldest in England, and his eight thousand a year. I felt I had met my fate!

My other fate that I met three years ago was very much in the way that evening, and I wished Tom had not invited him to the house. He kept dodging round the shrubs, and turning up in all sorts of unexpected places as we strolled on the lawn after dinner, and I saw him with his Byronic scowl in the moonlight, and was convinced he wanted to reproach me, as if I could help Deaf David driving me out to sea three years before.

As for Mr. Brandon, he did not seem inclined to take any further notice of me—very rude, I thought it, after the manner in which I went out of my way to make him feel at ease—but puffed his horrid cigar as if I didn't exist, and wouldn't even turn his head to see what good friends Sir Edgar Cheriton and I were. Jack saw it, though, and was half mad—that was a comfort! *He* wasn't a great tobacco-puffing insensate block!

I did feel a little uneasy about Laurence Holt, I must confess.

Every time we met him he looked more and more like the First Assassin in a melodrama, until I was at last almost frightened, but I meant to take very good care not to let him speak to me alone, and then when he was once out of the house, I meant to take still better care that he should never come into it again.

It isn't at all pleasant to have the ghosts of your dead loves popping up out of the vaults of memory, and looking sad, reproachful, fierce, or vindictive, as the humour seizes them.

However, it was very clear that Laurence had resolved I should speak to him, and though I begged Sir Edgar not to leave me, he was obliged to go for a moment when Tom called him, then Laurence swooped down like a vulture on his prey.

"You shall never be another's," he hissed in my ear. "Rather would I see you in——"

"In the silent tomb," I interrupted. "I know that is what you were going to say; but—you have got on very well without me for three years, so I fancy you can manage in the future."

"I lived upon your letters, Rosie," he whispered.

Till that moment I had completely forgotten the tender correspondence left at the boot-and-shoe shop, and now at this reminder I know I blushed scarlet, because, you see, I was quite a girl then, and—and—I believe I had written some very foolish, silly nonsense—absurdities that I did not like any one else to know of, much less read.

"You have kept my letters," I faltered.

"Every one of them," he answered, his hand on his heart.

Of course, it was very nice and pretty of him to have cherished them all these years, and I felt flattered, and it was very satisfactory to know that he had not forgotten me, and really his eyes were magnificent; but still I would not have had Sir Edgar Cheriton know about that correspondence for the world, and as for Mr. Brandon, I felt instinctively he would turn his grave face towards me, and look as solemn as an old owl if he thought I could have penned such gushing nonsense to a man who was almost a stranger — not that it mattered what Mr. Brandon might say, or think, or do.

"You must give me those letters, please, Mr. Holt," said I.

"Never, Rosalind, never! They shall not quit me for a moment while I live, and when I sink into the welcome grave, heart-broken and despairing, they shall still rest upon my pulseless heart."

Of course I did not mind the letters resting on his pulseless heart. It was a pretty and poetical idea, and he *did* look so Byronic as he spoke; but what I *did* mind was his carrying them about with him, and I could not help having a kind of uneasy feeling that if I were to be engaged to Edgar or Jack—or any of them—he might show those letters to the somebody, whoever he was, and and—well, I don't suppose a man enjoys reading the love letters his *fiancée* has written to any one else.

Fred Brandon.

(To be continued next week.)

HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY

MODERNIZED BY THE BOY SLOPER.

Æneas carrying his father Anchises from Troy.

MORE PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Paterfamilias (to energetic young party fixing up proscenium). I say, young gentleman, I hope you're not spoiling the wall-paper very much.

THE RECENT WET WEATHER.

And what's the use of an umbrella?—at least, between three.

A TALE OF A TUNNEL.

TABLEAU I. THE SOLITARY MAIDEN.—She sat alone in pensive thought. Poor unprotected one! with a long journey before her, too.

TABLEAU II. THE SPRIGHTLY CAVALIERS.—Their names were Ikey and Ally. They sat on each side of her, and at her made eyes.

TABLEAU III. IN THE TUNNEL.—They simultaneously conceived the wicked design of kissing that solitary maiden in the tunnel, and together knocked their noses.

TABLEAU IV. OUT OF THE TUNNEL AGAIN.—The sudden bump hurt them dreadfully. They rubbed their damaged nasal organs, whilst she smiled faintly.

TABLEAU V. AT THE JOURNEY'S END.—Why did she not pull up her veil before, though? If she had—— But no matter. Ally and Ikey made tracks in opposite directions.

OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN SMACKED.

Auntie. Cecil, don't be so rude! You should not kiss gentlemen!

Cecil. Why not, Auntie? You do

REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIMES

What do you think?

Ta, ta! will see you later.

Yet another abduction.

A FREE CONFESSION.

Speaker (at a recent demonstration). We have been called traitors to our Queen and country; but where do we really find traitors?

Enthusiastic Auditor. Hear, hear.

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